

Do You Want a Situation? American Advertisers

Get Results.

Boston American, Want Department:

Gentlemen—It gives me pleasure to
you that from my advertisement in the A

you that from my advertisement in the
CAN for a situation as housekeeper I re-
ceived 107 replies and secured a good
position.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. ELEFTA B. BILLOWS,
Readville St., Hyde Park, Ma

HELP WANTED - Male	AGENTS
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 Sheffield Razor Co.
101 TREMONT STREET.

[illegible]

A YOUNG MAN with quality as chauffeur, excellent knowledge of English, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and German, on grounds of local schools; must be neat, willing, of good appearance, and good character. Address, with references, **INQUIRE**, 27 School st., room 30, Boston.

[illegible]

COYNE'S BOSTON PLUMBING & TRADE SCHOOL—All practical work, day and evening; send for circular. 121 Haverhill st., Boston.

EXPERIENCED dry goods salesmen wanted immediately; permanent position in night business.

GENERAL HOUSEWORK GIRL in family. Apply Suite 1, 122 Huntington Bay.

HOUSEKEEPER in family of two.

[illegible]

PAINTERS' UNION 11.
SPECIAL MEETING, Tuesday, Oct. 2.

[illegible]

WANTED—First-class travelling salesman. New England States. MONEYWEIGHT SCALE CO., 111 Summer st., distributors Dayton Computing scales.

[illegible]

WANTED—A plumber; also a boy to learn plumbing and furnace work, ref. required. L. R. circulars. Address stating lowest price per 100. Box 3,656, Boston.

WANTED—A 20-year-old man, age 22, educated, desires a situation as ready-made, or cutter and fitter on custom; good 120. Boston American.

A LICENSED CHAUFFEUR, exp. French and American Autos, wants work.

[illegible]

KUM BURGER BRAU (Leo Lemmer, Wirths, 12 Maynard place—The most characteristic German beer in the city)
with wine, 40c., 11:30 a. m. to 3 p. m.; dinner, with wine, 75c., 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.; private rooms; music.

ASTROLOGY.
THE WONDERFUL MESS. "PASS."
MEDIUM, palmist and card reader, tells subject of past, present and future. Free consultation. Write to Mr. J. H. Ray, Box 100, 1000 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.

av.—To introduce myself. \$1 reading this and next month 35c.; hours 9 to 9.

CLAIRVOYANT—Tells fortunes; consulted on all affairs; reliable. **MRS. A. D. MORGAN**, 605 Tremont st.

WANTED—A position as chef for man, European and American cooking, references, city or country. V 48, Boston.

WANTED—Situation by a man willing to do any kind of work. V 48, Boston.

[illegible]

WALL PAPERS. ODD LOT slightly soiled dress (travelling bag); prices greatly reduced in New England. **CUMMINGS & TORY.** 67 Kingston St.



HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, OCTOBER 3, 1935.

Of Course There
Is Perjury in the
New York Life

Men That Stole Will Lie—and Perjury Is a Mere Joke to the American "Gentleman" of High Finance

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It is now shown that at the time when the corruption money stolen from the policy holders was paid to the Republicans other officials of the New York Life solemnly swore that NO MONEY AT ALL WAS PAID TO THE CAMPAIGN FUND.

You have one set of New York Life Insurance Company officials swearing to one statement, AND ANOTHER SET SWEARING TO A STATEMENT EXACTLY OPPOSITE.

Then they are guilty of perjury! Of course they are. But that does not especially excite or interest the public.

A thief will commit perjury, as a mere matter of course. It is part of his trade.

Theft and perjury are regular details of business life with the high-class sounderls that have been stealing from the New York Life policy holders—and incidentally giving part of the swag to elect Mr. Roosevelt—believing that the Republican party would reward with their thriving less than any other.

The public takes FOR GRANTED the perjury and stealing of the insurance men—that is an old story now.

The public knows that, as a class, the managers of big and sacred trust funds put in the hands of life insurance companies are THIEVES. They know that these men have piled up their fortunes by contemptible robbery.

They are not much interested in the details or the individual thieves.

Concerning the chief criminal of the New York Life the public simply says:

"This man did or he did not TAKE THE POLICY HOLDERS' MONEY AND GIVE IT TO POLITICIANS."

"He swears—he takes his oath—that he DID steal the money of the policy holders and give it to the Republican fund."

"If he swore to the truth—he should be put in jail as a common thief and put out of his office as a matter of course."

"If he swore to a lie—trying to cover up something more direputable—then he should be prosecuted for perjury—AND PUT OUT OF HIS OFFICE AS A MERE MATTER OF COURSE."

The case of such a man and of those like him is very simple.

He has confessed to acts that would put any small scoundrel in jail. HE OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL.

He may stay out of jail—and others like him may do the same.

But they will owe their being at large to the fact that in America big thieves are allowed to go free. Judges and prosecuting officers cannot see their way to attacking them.

More interesting than the fate of the confessed thieves of the New York Life Insurance Company is the attitude of President Roosevelt toward the men THAT CONTRIBUTED STOLEN MONEY TO HIS CAMPAIGN.

We accept in good faith the statement of his friends that he will compel restitution of the money that was stolen—without his knowledge—and spent on HIS ELECTION.

He knows now from statements made under oath, that the money of Democrats and Republicans was stolen from them—and paid over to his personal agent to be spent for his benefit.

Of course he will not allow this theft to stand. He could not do so as an honorable man—even if he had to make good the fifty thousand dollars out of his own pocket—taking a year of the salary paid him by the people for that purpose.

Mr. Roosevelt will follow the dictates of common decency and honesty. He will force repayment of the policy holders' stolen money, in time.

But the question is, HOW MUCH TIME!

Mr. Roosevelt should be prompt, as well as honest. His friends say he means to do his duty. That is not enough.

He should say for himself, AT ONCE, that he will not allow any policy holder to have a claim against him or his Administration for stolen money—HE SHOULD COMPEL RESTITUTION IMMEDIATELY.

After that—of course—he should use his influence to force energetic prosecution of the national thieves.

The Profitable Profession of Amusing the People

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Hall Caine, being dined by a prosperous company made up mostly of young American authors, remarked that he would rather be a novelist than be President. Mr. Caine's contentment with his present place in the world's life is natural.

In the golden age of literature—if we judge literature by the gains of its practitioners—he is reaping perhaps the greatest golden gains.

Out of his imagination and his handiwork he makes for himself an income such as eminent business men and supposed capitalists must needs commit perjury, juggle accounts, loot trust funds and sacrifice every shred of their business honor to equal. Mr. Caine certainly may be sure that it is better to be a novelist than to be president of an insurance company.

In the profession of entertaining the world Mr. Caine stands near the top. And that has become a profession justly to be ranked with the great gainful industries. The novelist, the dramatist, the magazineist, the actor and the theatrical manager are prosperous figures in these days.

A self-respecting calling, this of the entertainers. True, they have sometimes to resort to queer expedients of self-advertisement, but they do not have to bribe councils like gas or street railway magnates, swear to false reports like insurance millionaires, corrupt legislatures and railway officials like oil kings, give unlawful rebates after the fashion of traffic managers or bunco investors after the approved Wall Street methods.

In olden times great nobles kept for their amusement shrewd jesters, commonly called fools, though wiser far than their masters.

The modern novelist, humorist and actor succeeds the merry fool, and finds to-day, as in the age of Rabelais, that "merry" is the only way.

WHAT'S THE USE? DOES IT PAY?

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You read in "The Ladies' Own" that a husband should be loyal, gay and full of life at home. You were that this is good advice. You commence on your report. You say, "Ho, ho, pappy play hop too!"



And you say to your summer-in-law, "Ho, ho, ho, let us be loyal and gay! Ring around a ring! Top, you're it!" and other such glowing remarks, which you are certain will be mirth-provoking.



You also use your best efforts to amuse and give life to your wife. You are very happy while she is at work.



And what is the result of your efforts? Why, your wife calls in an eminent physician and pathetically inquires, "Doctor, oh, doctor, tell me the worst; do you think he is HOPELESSLY insane?" WHAT'S THE USE? DOES IT PAY?

IN BUGVILLE

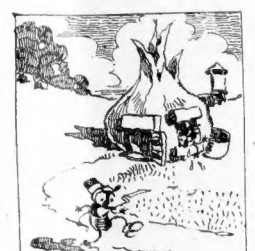
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MISS BUG—Mr. Worm makes such a fine chauffeur. He can crawl under the machine without getting out.



MISS PINK ROSE—I do hope that butterfly won't alight on me. His color doesn't harmonize with my complexion at all.



MISS BUG—Why am I so unpopular? I wonder if it is because I live in this onion!



FIREFLY—Well, well; I'll bet that's one of my fossilized ancestors!

A Real Sign of
The Millennium

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

THE protocol just signed to follow the old custom of cutting each other's throats and blowing each other's brains out like so many infuriated mad-men!

It is a fact, it seems to me, over which we might well afford to set the bells ringing and the bandsters playing!

It proves incontrovertibly that humanity is on the upgrade; that the old brute pass for the future of the world is being curbed; that Reason, high most noble of all man's attributes, is mounting its throne.

It was nearly two thousand years ago that the Prince of Peace lived His short, beautiful life and went away, and this Norway-Swedish protocol proves to us that the Pacemaker did not come in vain.

His spirit is nigher among men today than it ever was before; and so sure as we live the time is coming—and it may be nearer than we think—when war will be an impossibility.

The wars of the past—or the most of them, at least—have sprung from ignorance, from selfishness, from greed; but the schoolhouse and the steam engine, by enlightening men together and giving them something uplifting to think about, are doing away with the ignorance, greed and savagery, and make men freer, kinder and more loving.

Much less than two thousand years ago these Norwegian and Swedes (the latter, of course, being the more numerous) were, in common with the other peoples of the world, quite unacquainted for entertaining any thought of arbitration.

They knew no better than that of might; they knew no more but the mere fact that the stronger man, the victor, might even the matters of vital interest, and that by and by all disputes, including the matters of vital interest, would be settled by arbitration versus war.

It is better now, as the universal peace treaty, with a difficulty between them, begin to move, and the world is now moving toward a new dawn and "man's true aim will give the reasoning they finally conclude to settle the difference peacefully rather than war."

See how the world its veterans regards: A youth of frolic, an old age of cards.

POPE.

The Song of the Grafters

By James J. Montague

JOHN SMITH is wisely saving a dollar every day. Jack Robinson is getting three hundred ninety stowed away: Jack Robinson's been scrapping that he might leave his wife enough to give the children a modest start in life.

And so get busy, brothers, the sums are small, we know, But there are many like it, and all's for us to blow.

There's some of it for Chanancy and some for John McCall, And some of it for Perkins, and what may chance remain Will help the Grand Old Party pull through the next campaign.

And so get busy, brothers, we'll scatter all the seeds. Before the marks who saved it can try to get it back.

The widow Brown instantly proclaims that she intends To bring a suit against us and get her dividends. The orphaned Johnsons declare they want a few Of those three thousand dollars they claim as their just due.

And so get busy, brothers, and cut up every bit. Before these greedy grafters can get a chance at it.

There's some of it for Andy to spend at Albany. There's some of it for syndicates—chick enses are you and me! There's some of it for fighting the widows' suits in court, And some of it for after boys to borrow when they're short.

And so get busy, brothers, the times are strenuous; Though others save the money, it all belongs to us.

The end and struggling brokers that work along the Street Must needs be kept in clothing and drink and things to eat. They come to us for money, and how can we refuse To lend them such poor millions as they have need to use?

They pay us back with interest, and if it deal goes through There still is left a little less to spend, and you.

There's some of it for houses along the Avenue; There's some for automobiles and yachts and trotters, too; There's some for trolley systems to make the people pay To ride upon the highways they kindly place along.

There's some of it for every one except the foolish cuss Who merely saved the money and handed it to us.

Little Editorials from The People

W. B. Hearst, Editor BOSTON AMERICAN: Your editorial on Sunday was especially elevating, uplifting and humanitarian—at least voting the sentiment of the people whose welfare I firmly believe you have at heart.

As one of your readers, will you permit me a few lines in your people's column? In line with the old adage, "A word is worth a hundred actions," I desire to convey to your paper the following sentiment:

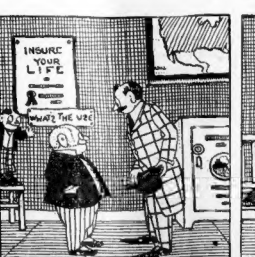
Why not establish a municipal plant wherein may be bottled the drinking water used by the inhabitants of our big cities? I think that if our drinking water were thus bottled—and it is not fit to be taken into the home—our children and women would be saved from early death.

Our hospitals would not be overwhelmed with typhoid, fever patients, who often times succumb to death, thus taking away many thousands precious lives and leaving bread-winners of the home, causing every united misery.

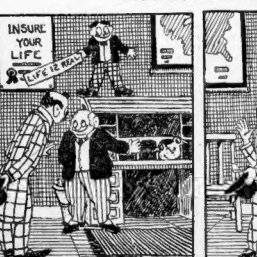
MICHAEL SHANNON.

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

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"There's nothing wrong with the system, sir," Said genial Mr. Blah.



"For instance, in this pigeonhole I keep a pair of squabs."



"In poor at figures, so I keep a sadder, don't you see."



"Then, too, I have some quince pigs To multiply for me."